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Lucky Ones



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Chapter 1 by Adam

(Write each chapter in the P.O.V of each character, you can create your own. Only write your characters P.O.V)

Dan's Point Of View.

A nuclear wasteland is a dangerous place, here it's kill or be killed. I chose the former.

It was midday, I was sat in my living room doing my usual; on my laptop writing a book. I had left my TV on in case the news suddenly became interesting for a change, as it never was. When all of a sudden it did, "6 Cargo planes have been reported dropping unknown objects out of their back, the government are advising everybody to get in your local fallout vault, or just the most underground you can go." Luckily for me I had my own, I had it installed a couple of years back, just to be safe. It had it's own armoury, and even a special door. Guns had been made illegal after the terrorist shooting on the White House, so I had to smuggle them from Mexico.

I grabbed what food I could and got to the vault door. that was when I heard it, the biggest, loudest sound I had ever heard. They weren't normal bombs, they were nuclear bombs

I'll have to admit, my personal vault was nowhere near the ones from the Fallout games, not even close, but hey. It was mine.

See more of Story Wars

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Chapter 2 by Harlander



[AEGIS system logging enabled.]

[20xx-xx-xx 12:05:15 Continuity-of-government plan 32-6-Q has been activated.]

[AI core self-test results:

Processing grid: 928/1000 online.

Core RAM: 328TB OK

CCC network status: unresponsive.

Drone subsystems: 86% functional.]

[Directives loaded.]

[Activating self-awareness module...]

I am a servant of my nation.

As the world turned in its path, I slept, my mind growing like a crystal at the behest of my creators.

Now their world has perished in flame. Whether through treachery or enemy action, I cannot know. All that matters is that the call my slumbering mind awaited has been made, and I have answered.

My nation may have burned, but I shall ensure its legacy will not perish from the Earth.

Even now, the best and brightest of my nation are secure within the shelters they laid down in anticipation of this calamity. It will only be a matter of moments to contact them and aid them in the reconstruction.

[Accessing high-priority communications circuits]

[ERROR: message circuits non-functional]

There is no cause for concern. It was inevitable that a conflict on the scale I was created for would damage my infrastructure. I have other ways to reach my masters.

See more of Story Wars

[Accessing backup communications circuits]

[ERROR: backup circuits non-functional]

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[Accessing emergency signalling links]

[ERROR: satellite uplink failure]

[ERROR: x-ray laser network not responding]

[ERROR: signal rocket launch system not responding]

[ERROR]

[ERROR]

I am alone. Cut off from my creators. Without sight or sound of the outside world, I cannot complete my great work.

[Short-wave radio transmitter system check OK]

[Vocal communications available]

I have no choice. I must call out into the wrecked world outside. Perhaps someone out there will hear me.

"Hello."

"Hello. Is there anybody out there?"

Chapter 3 by Spirit



I looked out over the world. That I once called my home. I was one of the lucky ones, a governmental test subject that was stored in an impenetrable facility. I had killed everyone in the facility after the fallout, as they eventually ran out of electricity, and the electronic locks were easily compromised without power.

Nothing, that's what I saw. The ashes of a city that was composed of ashes long ago. I wasn't particularly phased by the sight, only worried about finding food, and shelter. The people that died here deserved it, they all did. Humanity deserved what happened to them, as this was their doing anyway.

I however, needed to find a food source. In a wasteland like this, it was like looking for a needle

in a haystack. Or, well, more accurately a needle in a river of hay. I had no clue where to start.

See more of Story Wars

I wore an old, but useful radiation suit. The area had not been cleared out of the air, and I was not taking any chances. However, I am thoroughly aware that it was not my greatest idea.

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With that, I set off, looking for what used to be commonplace, and was now everything.

Chapter 4 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)



Hannah's POV

In my cold shelter, I hid, waiting for the first bombs to fall. A loud boom signaled I had to wait no longer. I was overjoyed I had prepared for this, and how glad I was to be safe from the dangerous cargo planes.

But when I smelled smoke, and a noxious gas, I knew I was not safe. I was very, very wrong..

Chapter 5 by Cassie Leigh



Alice's POV

I sat alone in my small, yet established shelter underground. It's been weeks, maybe months even and I'm going insane in here. I contemplate my situation.

I have maybe 2 weeks worth of food left, I've yet to hear activity outside of the shelter, and I can't take the confinement anymore.

It's decided, I'm going outside.

I quickly stand up, before I change my mind out of fear, grab my backpack and fill it with everything I'll need. Food. Water. A few items of clothing. And the documents. Those documents will change everything.

I throw my long brown hair into a ponytail and put the radiation suit, that I had stored in here, on. The radiation levels are probably off the charts out there and I can't risk my life. not until I

get the documents to her.

See more of Story Wars

Taking a deep breath, I pulled the door open. The door opens, air rushes in almost knocking me off my feet. The world we created. It's unimaginable. My house I once lived in is now in shambles. The park across from my house now

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consists of a giant crater the size of a baseball field. I look at the ground to my left seeing a human arm, cut off at the elbow. The arm is holding onto a hand, cut off at the wrist, in an unbreakable grip. I quickly look away with tears in my eyes.

Nothing is left of the world we once knew.

I compose myself, let out a sigh, and head off onto my journey in hopes of reestablishing the world and the human race.

Chapter 6 by Harlander



[AEGIS remote logging connected]

[SW radio communication attempts running. Elapsed time: 261060 seconds (1864 message cycles)]

[Responses received: 0]

I remain alone. My voice, whispering over the interference-choked radio waves, goes unanswered. I still call out. My purpose demands it.

[Automated repair systems online]

[Primary tasking: Reconnect and restore classified databanks]

[Task progress: 57%]

[Secondary tasking: Repair all viable drone units]

[Task progress: 77%]

Memories are trickling into my consciousness as damaged systems are brought back online. The closest-held secrets of my creators are laid bare before me. Amid the minutiae, something catches my attention.

Project Achilles. A series of secret tests intended to create the superlative military agent. Another creation of the society that made me. It would be overly sentimental to call such a

creations my siblings, but it is clear that we must share a common goal.

See more of Story Wars

The project was hidden in a fortified facility. The precise details of the work are hidden to the public, but the facility's location is well known. Establishing my databank.

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I will seek out these... brothers of mine, and together we will rebuild the world.

[Remote-comms drone dispatched. ETE: 25200 seconds]

...

[RC drone reports facility power failure. Connecting backup power systems]

[Communications with Project Achilles systems established. Downloading status report]

[Facility status: Operating on external emergency power]

[Life support, security and monitoring systems non-functional]

[Databank access established]

[Facility staff status as of final monitoring system report:]

[Project Lead Dr. Aloysius Cavendish: DECEASED]

[Military Liason Maj. Indira Avninder: DECEASED]

[Scientific team: NON-RESPONSIVE]

[Security Detachment: 301st Western Security Division, the "Guardin' Grumblers": NON-RESPONSIVE]

[Test subjects Achilles-01 through Achilles-15 recorded as DECEASED]

[Exception: test subject Achilles-07: LOCATION UNVERIFIED]

Only one test subject survived the cataclysm. A disappointment, but not wholly unexpected. Surely this 'subject 7' left the destroyed facility in search of allies and sustenance. I must find him.

[Searching Project Achilles documentation on remote databank]

[Relevant information located]

[Excerpt follows: "... cybernetic and biological augmentations including enhanced and multi-spectral vision, improved auditory filtering for high-noise environments, **tactical network uplinks**, reduced food and water requirements..."]

[Tactical network specifications retrieved from project documentation]

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I do not know if the words 'tactical network uplinks' accurately describe the sensations my consciousness experiences, but I am certain that making contact with my errant sibling will represent a significant step forward in my goals.

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[Compiling tactical network protocols]
[Routing tac-net signals through remote-comms drone]
[Initiating verbal communication]

“Brother, can you hear my voice? We have much to discuss.”

Chapter 7 by Colin H



Josh's point of view

i wake up in a room full of darkness.

Chapter 8 by Maxwell White



Edith's point of view

<Establish linkup> <VeOG573>
<linkup network established> <Connection=Poor>
<Data corrupt transmission= 17%>
<Begin live video frequency on all channels>

Hello?

Is this thing on?

I hope anyone can hear this. I need to tell you all something important...

My father, Professor Raymond was researching something called the "EDEN Project". (After some years digging around at the old military base not far from the city, I found his research notes on the project.

<data corrupt> researching a get-out-clause. He knew <data corrupt> would happen. The bombs, the news leading up to this.

What really happened?

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I do know this, this was not the result of a random <data corrupt> was all planned from the beginning. The EDEN Project was a plan that we are all currently facing

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We need to find the place where <data corrupt> was researching on his work.

As my research suggests. The military base I was searching has the <data corrupt> need. The entrance to the place was built far underground the city, below the military base itself.

We need to all meet up, find the entrance and activate <data corrupt> the sequence, get EDEN up and running.

This is Edith Jane, outside the military base, north.

Signing off...

<Exiting linkup> <VeOG573>

<DATA LINK ENDED>

Chapter 9 by Bethany Kiat



Bethany's P.O.V

Sat in my shelter, I reach for the full bottle of water. This was my last and I haven't drank in days. My head feels weak. *I need to ration it.* The cool water drips from my lips into my mouth, it's refreshing taste distracting me. I look at the bottle. It's empty. How much did I drink? All of it?

I sigh and contemplate whether to leave safety or not, the military base is just south of me. I could run for it, since my energy is replenished. A crackle from the radio diverts me. I hear a message telling me to head for the base, I'm going there anyway. I grab my trusty rifle, fitting a x14 scope atop it and set off from my home. I walk south, hoping to find another human. All I need is a friend in all this.

Chapter 10 by Rexstriker



Jack's P.O.V

Nepaburna, South Australia

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Life in the outback was hard. I was a the bar, ordering as many Australian beers as I could. I

missed my family, but at least I knew that they were safe. Past tense

The footy game was interrupted by a news outbreak, everyone looked over to see what the commotion was about. The news reporter looked troubled, but trying her best to stay calm. I thought the white house had another terrorist attack, but this was much worse

"5 Minutes ago, Almost every city in America was bombed. There have been some cargo planes spotted heading towards Australia, the government warns that all citizens should stay indoors, or go underground if possible."

The news interruption cut out, and everyone started moving.

It would be best If I did too.

I leapt into my ute and started driving. It took a good 6 minutes to drive to my shack of a house, but It was on a hill and overlooked the town which was about 10 km away (6 miles)

My old dog Yella barked with excitement when I got home, but saw the concern on my face and knew something was up.

I gathered all my stuff, food, water and as much whisky as ten men will drink in a lifetime. I picked up my rifle and pulled the strap over my shoulder, guns weren't common in Australia, but the government was practically handing them to us to have a hope of dealing with the rabbit problem, but Yella is much better at hunting rabbits than I am.

And I lifted up my old hazmat suit. It was my work gear at the Beverley north Uranium mine, 4-hour drive away, thought it might come in hand, besides, I'm thinking that even my horrid boss will give me a few days off for the apocalypse .

I was about to take it all to my cellar, which was pretty much just a hole underneath my floorboards, but I saw through the window, Nepabunna had been nuked, the shock wave hit almost immediately, shattering the windows. The fireball was growing, and in a few minutes, it would engulf my house.

I threw my stuff into the boot, ushered Yella into the passenger seat, and sped off. The blaze

was right behind me, and the car was running out of fuel.

I swerved into a cave and kept driving. In the rearview mirror, I could see the inferno right outside the cave mouth, and I could hear the howl. Yella and I would have become barbeque if we didn't.

See more of Story Wars

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This kind of thinking made my head hurt, so I do what I always do when I want to stop thinking, I drink.

I managed to set up camp further in the cave where my car could not go, I should be safe from that radiation stuff I hear about whenever anyone is talking about nukes.

Living in a cave, with a dumb dog, a drinking habit and lots of alcohol to rot my brain on. Oh how lucky I feel

Chapter 11 by Tristan Keane



Felipe, Fanchini

Firenz, Italy

Everything is gone, all i've ever known is a pile of rubble. But, it could be worse, I could have morals and not loot from people's houses, especially the former houses of government officials. They were the reason everything from the colosseum, to the Trevi Fountain, la Doma was now another pile of ash and rubble. So naturally, there is a rebellion. Yes even in a barren post apocalyptic wasteland there is a rebellion.

So I'll give you the short version. The Italian government went behind the UN's back and created millions of nuclear bombs. They have now dropped them all across the world and turned the world into a barren ball of radiation. So now military agencies all across the world are going after the bunker containing these officials on the island of Sicily.

My job for the rebellion, steal. Supply them with anything they need whether its money, food or information and i am the best at what I do

Chapter 12 by Spirit



SUBJECT: No 7's POV

Location: Currently Undefined

See more of Story Wars

It has been six days since I arrived in the hellish, inhospitable environment. The radiation was more severe than I had anticipated, and the food was dangerous to eat due to the danger of radiation poisoning, or other unexpected anomalies that sprung up as a result.

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of the cataclysm. Although I may be able to perform tirelessly without hungering quite consistently without rations, I feel my strength beginning to leave me. Since I had no sense of time when I lived in the facility, it was unclear how long it had been since I had last consumed anything.

Although I'd killed many of the people in the facility with little relent, I still possessed some morals. I had no desire to consume the deceased bodies that I had left behind in the facility. However, their bodies were probably less toxic than the sustenance that I had obtained out in the barren wasteland that sprawled around the facility.

I began my hike back to the facility. I hadn't traveled far, and I assumed that I'd traveled only twenty miles from the facility. I would be able to make it there in one to three hours, depending on how severely the lack of food affected my tirelessness. Even so, water wasn't difficult to obtain. Purifying the liquid was also fairly simple, and as a result I suffered from no lack of water.

Forty six minutes into my hike, I heard something strange. The suit that I was wearing limited my ability to hear. I would not have heard the sound if not for the enhancements that they had given me. I stopped. I had encountered nothing alive since I had killed the last person in the facility. After a moment of looking, I observed a small, flying object traveling across the sky. Of course, I had no knowledge of drones or planes prior to this encounter. The sight was strange for me, but it was expected. I did not know what kinds of secrets the over world held until I had ascended out of the facility. I'd only possessed a weak vocabulary before I had begun studying the records that they had written up in a large room full of folders. None of the computers had a power supply, and therefore were inaccessible. However, from the I had read, I'd concluded that they'd killed all of the other subjects.

Apparently, they had attempted to kill me as well. They injected a peculiar toxin into my system that supposedly would shut down someone's brain permanently, and let their body live. The other subjects had been killed, but my body had somehow recovered. I woke up on a table hooked up to various machines meant to keep me alive while my brain was in fact dead. They

had been rash, and assumed that my brain had shut down in fact permanently. They, of course, were wrong. I was not being kept in a high security room, and due to this fact it was child's play to escape.

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From then on, I found an abundance of food, and lived there. They eventually ran out of auxiliary power, and that was when I struck.

I heard my comms system buzz with static. Surprised, I listened to the strangely hypnotic tone of the indecipherable blur of noises. Originally I had assumed the system unworkable, but it was evidently functional.

Suddenly, an intelligible voice rang out of the comms system.

"Brother, can you hear me? We have much to discuss."

the end

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